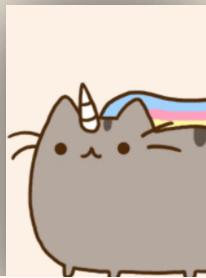




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As I Bleed



Chapter 1 by Story Wars

You lie on the floor, a thick red fluid oozing from your chest. It wasn't really clear how you got there, all you remember is a face, and then a knife. You don't remember the pain as it tore through your chest, the maniacal cackling of your killer as he, she or whatever it was watched you fall to the ground.

Usually someone would be freaking out at this point, but for some reason you don't particularly care for your circumstances. Funny, a cold piece of steel is lodged in your chest, and you probably should be seeking out medical attention, but you're more concerned about the blood staining your flawless hardwood floor.

Luckily you didn't have any family sleeping in the house, that would be dreadful. Instead you slept alone. You weren't particularly interested in romance either, and for once it actually was a plus.

You sit up, blood draining from your chest and stare into the darkness in your room, wondering whether or not to have toast for breakfast.

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